## THE THREE FORTUNES.

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. OUNG ARNOLD moved around, the wagon followed him, and in less time than it takes to say it the had heard so much about the wonderful deeds of wizards and said:

fairles; and he had so often been told how people had become rich in a moment just by wishing for golden treaslin, a kind-hearted fairy or a goodnatured wizard who would bestow a for-

tune upon him just for the mere asking. So he went away from his father's home, shouldered a small knapsack, took a strong stick in his hand and set out to find his fortune. He traveled for days and nights, for weeks and months without even seeing anybody that looked like a fairy or a goblin or a twarf or a wigard. Arnold was almost disgusted with his lack of success, and he began to think that the world of wonders was closed for him. But still, as he had no prospect for anything to better his present condition, he wisely concluded that he night as well continue his search until he did find what he wanted.

One day, however, Arnold came into a long and deep valley. A stream was run-ning through the middle and on each side a evening. eautiful meadow of soft, sweet grass was laid out like a verdant carpet. The valley was formed on each side by an exquisite



The Invari of the Mountain.

mountain ridge along whose slopes grew all kinds of wonderful specimens of trees. An almost noiseless breeze was floating upon the atmosphere of this beautiful valley which made the entire dale so quiet that a charm of mysteriousness and enchantment appeared to be pervading all around, which breame very attractive to young Arnold.
"I must explore this place," he said to
himself a ter be had recovered from the deep reverie of thoughts, which took possession of his mind when he entered the valley. took the bed of the small river for a guide and following the splashing ripples he arrived at last at the foot of another mountain which seemed to have thrown itself directly deross the water's course, thus forcing the stream to turn at a rectangle. This mountain, however, consisted of enormous blocks of grante and rocks. Not a blade of grass, a shrub or a tree grew upon the bare sides. While Arnold was yet wondering at the sight before him, he suddenly noticed little man with a whee'barrow before him. The man was evidently a dwarf, because he was no higher than Arnold's hat, and he was filling his barrow with heavy rocks.

"What are you doing?" asked Arnold.
"I am engaged in the task of wheeling these rocks away," replied the little man. "Don't you want to help me? I will pay

The young man at once thought that the dwarf must be mad to think of moving the mountain, still be concluded he might as well make a pretense of working, and claim a fortune from the little fellow the next day. So he told the dwarf that he would help him in his work.

'All right," answered the dwarf, "comglong, but I shall have to get you a bigger wagen than my wheelbarrow, because you are so much taller and stronger looking than

The short man took Arnold away into a deep cavern, which was found in one of the hills enclosing the valley. In a corner of the cavern they found a number of vehicles of all kinds, large and small.

The dwarf pointing to the largest of the lot told Arneld to pull it away. For a noment the young man looked dumfounded, because the wagon looked so large that he felt sure he had not the strength to move it. But to show the dwarf his willingness h took hold of the center pole and pulled. To his astonishment the wagon came rolling toward him as easily as if it had only been a toy wagon. So he gave the wagon another pull, and this time it rolled out of the cavmountain like greased lightning. At the foot of the granite mountain the wagon stopped as suddenly as if it had been called

"Now go ahead," said the dwarf to the annazed Arnold, "and load the wagon," and the young man, who by this time had nearly lost his senses by the wonder ul



fest the wagon had performed, began t rock upon rock he picked up was plenty of room left. The mountain grew smaller and smaller at every moment, as it was when he commenced loading Arnold never stopped in his work. be while they lay on the ground they all were as light in his hands as if they were feathers instead of rocks. At last looked around to see whether there were any more rocks left, he observed that the granite mountain was no more. He was be

giared at the dwarf.
"You have done very well," said the little
man. You have succeeded in loading the whole mountain into the wagon, but your task is, not yet accomplished. You must now pull the wagen up the hill into the cavers. Take hold of the pole while I will

Arnold, who had ceased to be astonished

in Foreign Lands.

pean Railroads.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ing for golden treasures, that he determined to go out himself and find some generous gob some generous gob this, he threw the granite block away and some generous gob.

and Liverpool in the Pullman day car, of which there was never more than one on a train, while there were at least a dozen of ity, he thought he might as well help her for | journeys not more than three or four of the chairs were occupied. People in England appear not to like the parlor car, perhaps because the interior consists of only a single apartment for passengers, instead of compartments each accommodating eight or ten persons. Probably this is the reason why no extra charge is made for seats in these

> In "the States," or "in America," as our English brethren generally call our country, travelers are willing and glad to pay from \$1 to \$3 a day for the privilege of rid-ing in these luxurious cars. They are proon a train sometimes causes great suffering, and always in a journey of any length much

> and from Calais or Boulogne to Paris, in a compartment of a carriage. Half the pas-sengers must ride backward, which is far from agreeable to many. The four corner seats are always preferred, and travelers go early to the train to secure them, because they are near the windows and the doors and one can see, the country to better advantage.

NO ROOM TO STRETCH. Passengers confronting each other for several hours or a whole day do not always know their own legs from their opposite neighbors', for their lower extremities have no exclusive rights in the premises. But our English friend prefers this sort of accommodation, as a rule, to the luxury of a Pullman, for which Americans are willing to pay a liberal price. I am unable to un-derstand it. For a company of four or six, his great wonder it was not more than 45 seconds after he had begun that the entire a compartment on the Midland, it is all very lake was empty and the wizard's bucket | well. To the ordinary traveler, who is one of a smaller party in a compartment than in an American car, the partial exclusiveness he obtains is outweighed by being brought well; here is my reward!" With these words the wizard handed Arnold his pitcher full into closer contact with strangers. They of water; then he vanished, bucket, water | may be very nice people, or they may be

bears and swine.

When I landed at Queenstown a quarter of a century ago I had to go through Ire-land by rail. I had heard about first, sec-ond and third classes on the train. My first posed to spend any extra money on gilt borders and varnish. I found that the firstclass compartment was luxurious in its limited appointments; but the second class was provided with only uncushioned seats, though the floor was carpeted. In the third class there was no carpet, and the only other substantial difference was that the hard seats of the second were hollowed out like a kitchen chair, while those of the

three classes are sometimes found in the

the compartment except by hot water tanks, shaped like a flattened stovepipe, covered with carpet or canvas. They are changed at the stations as occasion may require, or upon the request of passengers. They keep the feet warm for a time, and that is about all the good they do.

CHEAP AND COMFORTABLE. and closet. I bought a third-class ticket. The compartment had no tinsel ornament,

The fares from Liverpool to London in our money are: First class, \$7; third class, \$4. On other roads the fare, second class, is \$5 25. The ratio of these rates is 4.3 and 2.3; and it does not vary much all over Europe. The distance is about 200 miles, and the fares per mile are 314, 2 2-5 and 2 cents. Between London and Paris, by the two principal lines, the first class fare is over 5 cents a mile and the second about 4

In France, Italy, Holland and Belgium gland; but in Germany and Switzerland the first-class cars do not differ from those described, though the second-class are usually

fords seats long enough for a passenger to lie down upon them, and the car is called a voiture au lit, or sleeping car. Going from St. Petersburg to Moscow, a place to sleep either class. The passenger is supplied with a pillow, but no covering of any kind, and even in the summer he is likely to be too cold to sleep. A sort of bunk is made at each end of the compartment about four feet above the floor, and sometimes over the two long seats.

A RUSSIAN SLEEPER.

I spent a night in one of these compartments. I slept with my overcoat on, and wore two pairs of socks, besides my boots; I mean that I lay thus, for I could not sleep on account of the cold, though it was in the month of August. About 4 o'clock in the atternoon a Russian crawled into the bunk over my head, and slept there till midnight, when he had evidently "slept out." He was nervous and uneasy, and fell to smoking cigarettes with the most tremendous per sistency. He spit at random from his sleeping perch, and I felt that I was in peril all the time. I could not complain of the nuisance, for I could not speak Russian, and the guard, or conductor, was not up in English. French or German, though he and the porter knew a few words of the latter tongue. If I had been warm enough to

In this compartment there was another Russian, who was nervous and uneasy. He could not sleep, but he spoke English very well, and we mingled our sympathies. When the train stopped, as it did for from 5 to 30 minutes occasionally, we got out and ran on the platform to warm our feet. In each station there was a bar, a restaurant and a tea stand, which was the popular re-

sort of the passengers. The tea was served in tumblers, very hot, with loaf sugar and a very thin slice of lemon, and it was delicious. About midnight my Russian friend

"I have drank 11 glasses of tea to-night, and I can't sleep: I must get another." did get another; and the strangest part of it to me was that he went to sleep soon after the train started. After that I traveled

first-class in Russia. I do not know that these voitures au lit are still in existence, for there is now in Europe a "Companie Internationale des Wagons-Lits," which runs its carriages on all the great routes of the continent. I have before me a pamphlet entitled "Le Sleeping Car Guide Officiel," in which all needed inormation in regard to its affairs is given, The "wagons-lits," as they are called when the American term is not used, are run on the same plan as the Pullman, Wagner and other cars in this country. I think the charge, besides first-class fare, is about three times as much as with us.

A LUXURIOUS TRAIN. If you wish to go from Paris to Vienna in 26 hours the fare, first class, is \$44, though you may go by another express for \$34, taking seven hours longer time. The extra fare for the sleeper on the fastest train will be \$7 85. By the slower train it will be \$6 50. The former is the "Orient Express," which runs through from London to Brindisi, on the Adriatic Ses, from which steamers go to Alexandria and through the Suez Canal to India, China and Australia. Perhaps I cannot better convey an ade-

the continent, and on it travel the nobility of England, the magnates of France and the nahobs of India. The most luxurious trains in America are those called "Limited Express," running be-tween New York and Chicago. One goes by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the other by the New York Central. They are "vesti-bule trains," provided with reading and smoking room, a barber's shop and bath, bar, desks for writing, library, and elegant sleepers for all the passengers. No ordi-nary conches are attached to these trains, and in place of \$5 for a berth on an or-

I have traveled on both of these trains, and I could not well help comparing them with the Orient Express, the crowning tri-umph of the "Wagon-Lit Company." The train consisted of sleepers, baggage car, and a car containing the smoking and dining room.

dinary train, \$7 50 is charged on the "lim

With my friend and neighbor, Dr. L., I arrived from the Rhine at Strasburg. We had bought Cook's tickets in Liverpool from that city by London (where we had to go to obtain Cook's circular notes, paid for in Boston, and promised us in Liverpool), Harwich, Rotterdam, Cologne, the Rhine and round to Paris. We went second class, except on steamers, and in France, where there was no second class on the express train. The train we wanted was to leave at 9:25 in the foresoon. Cook's tickets assured us that they were good on any expres train. When we presented them at the ticket office where they were to be dated, we found they were not good except on payment of over \$3 apiece, for the train was the Orient Express. We paid it. The porter could find no seats in the sleepers, and we were condemned to make the trip in the smoking room.

NOT LIKE THE LIMITED. The sleepers were built with an aisle on one side, the staterooms opening from it.
They looked like the ordinary compartment,
but the seats were reduced to berths at
night. They looked very comfortable, but we were not permitted to occupy seats in one of them. The smoking-room was not very bad, though our apartment of the business was to examine the carriages. It limited, so-called, is regal magnificence was said that only dukes, lords and Americomdared with it. With soiled hands I cans traveled first-class. I was not of an aristocratic turn of mind, and was not disneither water nor towels.

who wanted de jeuner. We wanted it, of course; but, though there was but one "wagon-lit" on the train, two tables were necessary for the passengers, and we had to wait till the nabobs of India had finished their repast. When we had it, it was very fair, measured by the European standard The price of this meal was 80 cents, but most of the passengers paid from 40 cents third was on a plain board. I went first to \$1 more for the wine. Dinner is served at \$1 20, wine in addition.

This paragon of European trains mad about 35 miles an hour, which does not equal the speed of our "Limited." In no respect could it be compared with our ordinary express trains with sleeper or parlar cars. Not only in trains de luxe, but in all trains, our system is vastly superior railroading in Europe. OLIVER OPTIC.

MEXICAN SOLDIERS' TRICKS.

They Desert, Leaving Only Caps and Muskets in Their Place.

Mr. Thomas A. Janvier tells some things about the Mexican army in the November Harper which will seem extremely odd to cruits are convicts who have been drafted into the military service, and consequently desertions are very numerous. "Sometimes," says Mr. Janvier. "a rather humorous ingenuity is shown in slipping out of military bondage. In Monterey one rainy night in March, 1883, more than a score of men belonging to a regiment drawn up at a railroad station in waiting for the arrival of the President, succeeded in getting away by the device of placing their caps on the butts of their musket's bayonet down in the ground at their places in the ranks.

"By the uncertain torchlight the platoons seemed unbroken, and it was only when the order to march was given, and the regiment marched away and left the cap bearing muskets standing scattered over the ground that the trick was discovered by the officers. Another peculiar thing is that no baggage train is needed by these soldiers, for carry all that they need on their backs, even though the wives and the children of the private soldier sometimes accompany them. But while wagons are not necessary to carry the soldiers's impedimenta, they are required to transport their pay, which is always in silver.'

The Golden Rad. They flourish on the uplands high
And in the valleys low,
In matshy places and in dry
In myriads, they grow,
On many a soft and saffron stalk
They beautify the sod,
No matter where we chance to walk
We find the golden rod.

When autumn, crown'd with yellow weeds
And wreathed with garlands gay,
In blissful indolence proceeds
Along her languid way,
Where'er she steps, her foot enchants
The ground whereon she treads,
And hoats of siender, spiral plants
Uplift their regal heads. How bright they glisten, when the gleam

Of morning on them lies; How rare and beautiful they seem, Array'd in splendid guise! Not Solomar in his selections. Not Solomon in his select
And pompous robes of power
Was half so gorgeously bedeck'd
As this imperial flower. The rose is lovely when the dew Shines on her pearly breast, And lovely is the lily, too, In subtle verdure dress'd;

The daisy looks so meek and chaste, Outpeeping from the sod. But first and foremost to my taste I like the golden rod. When frost descends, and breezes fan when frost descends and freezes in the woods, so longer green, And all around, the eye may scan. The stript, autumnal scene; When, far and wide, on every tree. The lingering leaflets fade, The golden rod we then may see In lovellest tints array'd.

And bright and brighter, every day

It shines serencily out,
While flowers that once were fresh and gay
Are dying all about;
Thus may we, too, when pleasures wane,
In sorrow's gloomy hour,
To greater loveliness attain
Like this perennial flower,
—R. E. Lee Gibeon in St. Louis Republic.

became desperate because he could not Clara Belle Talks About Actors, Act-

A REMARKABLE AND VALUABLE PARROT

NEW YORK, November 2.

could be mistaken in Kelcev? It was Herbert with a princely long coaton, his mustache couchant, and his eyes as in the third act of "The Wife." He had been drinking soda water and was wiping his mouth as I came in. I know I have said all that you will submit to now. I suppose Herbert really likes to doff the purple now and then, and act like an ordinary human being. Boston doesn't mind him, and he can drink soda if he wants to in a drugstore after the theater. Ah, there, Herbert! No matter where you go some New York girl will see you, and gasp as I did, if she discovers a lapse in

Now, Boston has its Kelcey in Jack Mason, who recently acted in New York without causing the girls to so much as flutter. They are both adored at home, but one is a dress-suiter, the other a blue shirt chap. The herdic drivers in Boston say, "Ride up to-day, Jack?" to Mason. In New York nobody dares betray the fact that he knows Kelcey's name unless introduction has given him a right. The girls in Boston feel an affectionate interest in Jack. The girls in New York feel a far off, frappe ADORATION FOR RELCEY.

Mason can drink sods in a drug store if

Mason gets there just the same. The kind, old matinee ladies of Boston shake their heads, saying: "Such a dear boy! A little wild, perhaps, but the best of boys will be wild." The Bostonese girls say: "He's just

line to a foolish society maid who begged an not realize the seriousness of the step she that out West he wears overalls, goes without a necktie and combs his hair up straight. Don't let us think about it.

INSULTED THE SUPES

Vercelli's, started down the room shouting "Two soups."

The girls flushed furiously. One whispered loudly: "The horrid thing. Let's go right out. To which the other replied, almost crying:

"How do you suppose he knew? And be-fore all these people, too. Let's quit right When the soup came the ladies were no

broad grin. One other thing that impressed me in Bo museum labeled, "The wonder of the ageng as a Gladiator, with his foot on an unknown supe's chest, is marked "Billy Scroot, the champion knock-'em-out." Fanny Davenport's "Fedora" paper is used for illustrations of "The Slave's Revenge," or something of the sort, and Lillian Rus-

Here in New York the latest socio-theatrical idiocy is to go silly over Mrs. Kendall, the London actress now here. "Society adulates her, not because she is a clever actress and an estimable matron, but because she has come over with a London vogue For one foolish phase of the nonsense, know the town is full of Kendall ears. This novation made itself apparent soon after the first appearance of Mrs. Kendall, who "makes up" with less beauty box than the of the black pencil on her lashes and brows, her ears dipped in a rouge pot, and her hands and arms in a powder sack, and the veils, or in the house under the effulgent softness of candle light, in the theater, carcheeks and carmined lips three to one.

By the way, and speaking of Britons, I out taking liberties. So far, too, the English girl who had aired her rigid home life ble Mrs. Grundy at her social side, and in almost every word of conversation and carriage showed a consciousness of the presence of that ubiquitous social spectral matron. The American girl talked as eloquently with her eyelashes as the French maiden with tiny shoulder shrugs. The English girl weighed in the family scales whatever she saw and heard. The American was ingenuous without wearing her heart

DEALING IN TRUISMS.

the hour. Does not the gourmet sip his Madeira or even his champagne, while the

Madeira or even his champagne, while the guzzler greedily swallows bumpers of it? Frank and fearless modesty adorns the graces of the American girl, while the English girl often wears the black pearls of prudery. There you have a Briton's views, and I think they are complimentary.

A good matron still adept in witchery said to me: "Next in charm to that excellent thing in woman, a low voice, comes a gentle touch. A way of laying a hand in a soft, firm, womanly way, a lithe freedom of fingers, a firm softness of palm, makes a charm that may belong to an ugiv hand. Remember that, girls!

"Don't shake a person to awaken him," the matron continued. "Lay your hand softly over his closed eyes. Let each finger tip be firm and sensitive. Don't shake

tip be firm and sensitive. Don't shake hands as if your hand was a foot. Let the fingers do their part. Don't take hold and let go all at once. Don't-Oh, there are such a lot of don'ts! Let your hands be sensitive. As much can be conveyed by soft, firm palm and elastic fingers as by the modulation of a sweet voice or the droop of stage Adonis who is adored in one city may be disregarded in another city. I found it out while makes it can a sweet voice or the droop of the eyelids. By the way, the expression of the eyes is dependent upon the lines formed about the eyeball by the lids. It is the drooping of the upper lid that softens the eyes and the lifting of the lower lid that makes it can all and appropriates. That's just

case of bathtub, girisi Cleanliness, absolute and always, is a good inducement for bright part of the press of, in other words, eyes whose white is clean and you will be happy. Be clean and you will be beautiful. If you are beautiful you will be more or less happy—which connects beauty and morality, bath and happiness, in really a lovely way, doesn't it?

The noise of the busiest street in New York is nothing compared to the clatter and chatter going on from sunrise until sunset in a small storeroom on Sixth avenue. It is in a small storeroom on Sixth avenue. It is the storeroom of one of the best known bird importers in this city, and hundreds of birds are chirping and talking to each other to their hearts' content, hundreds of birds are chirping and talking to each other to their hearts' content, hundreds of birds are chirping and talking to each other to their hearts' content, hundreds of birds are chirping and haling like beads, sit comically arranged in one long uninterrupt heir in the beads and shining like beads, sit comically arranged in one long uninterrupt heir difficulties to be a street in the provided of the street of the case and cloors turned from right to left to examine the new-comer and to keep the heads and shining like beads, sit comically arranged in one long uninterrupt heir difficulties to be a street of the s

pearance as the real canary, is often sold for much lower figure, but he is a native of this country and does not sing at all.'

A VALUABLE PARROT. "What are your highest priced birds?" At present parrots lead in price and fashion. They usually sell singly and range from \$5 to \$500, but a lady will pay almost any price if she finds a bird whose conversational ability is unusually devel-oped. There are parrots in this city that talk in three different languages, and the chronicles of their sometimes misdirected accomplishments are endless. The most wonderful bird I know of was the parrot of a teacher of languages who became interpreter in Castle Garden. The man, who spoke four languages perfectly, was obliged to study at least a dozen more, necessary to put the conventional questions to the immi-grants. He prepared himself for his duties, practicing Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Roumanian, Hungarian, Arabic, Armenian and a number more of those languages which are out of the usual run, beside their various dialects. He walked up and down in his room, talking aloud and asking the usual questions : "Where were you born ?" "How old are you?" "Have you any relations or friends In this country are you going? Have you the money for

traveling ?" etc.
"He was closely watched by his parrot, who proved an apt and willing pupil, for he learned to repeat all these phrases and talked in all tongues current in Castle Garden. He soon became locally famous and counted his admirers by the score. One day a lady made his acquaintance and tried to buy him. She was charmed with his fluency and offered \$1,000, but the owner valued him too highly to part with him. The lady was rich and had set her heart on this particular bird. The next day her husband called and raised the price \$500, but the owner was still obdurate. Three weeks later he unexpectedly needed some ready money and called on the husband to accept his offer. At his office he learned to his dismay and chagrin that the generous lady had been buried a week. A fortnight later the parrot mysteriously sickened and died. It was a year before the linguist could pass a parrot store without shedding a tear of regret. I tell you \$1,500 is a good deal of money to lock up in a perishable parrot,

CLARA BELLE. WHY HE REMAINED SINGLE.

A Bacheler Who Preserved His Liberty by
Looking at a Show Window.

Boston Courier.1

A gentleman who is a confirmed bachelor was being rallied recently by some lady friends upon his obstinate resistance to all attempts to lead him into matrimony.

"I wonder," one of them said, "that any man could escape who has had all the snares "I wonder," one of them said, "that any man could escape who has had all the snares laid for him that have been spread for you. "I should never have been able to pre serve my liberty," he answered, "had it sot been for a certain window on Winter

"A window, on Winter street?" was there in that to preserve you?"
"It was filled with the materials of which "It was filled with the made," he returned the modern woman is made," he returned the modern woman of gravity. "Whenever with an affectation of gravity. "Whenever I was in any danger of becoming engaged I have simply walked around and looked in at that window, and I have thereby been

BOUGHT THE SAME SHOES TWICE, A Story Showing How a Woman's Imagination Deceived Her.

Columbus Dispatch.) A Washington avenue husband has the laugh on his wife. Recently he brought her home a pair of shoes. She kept them a couple of weeks, but never wore them because the instep was too low and she couldn't button them. Taking them to the shoe house to exchange them, she soon had what she declared to be a neat-fitting and comfortable pair of shoes on her feet.
"But are you sure that these shoes are as good in material as the other pair?" asked

the lady.
"Yes, madam," smilingly replied the dealer; "I know they are, for they are the same shoes."
She wears the low instep shoes now, and there is no complaint.

DON'T forget the odor of coffee beans or cloves is not so agreeable as Atkinson's de-liciously scented violet, white rose or laven-

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

MORALS AND MANNERS

SIMPLY weed a man so that he shall produce nothing evil, but never plant him, so that he shall produce something good, and what is he worth? If this be cultivation, the Desert of Sahara is the most cultivated spot on the globe.—Life Thoughts.

THE young man who will not cease drinking to please his sweetheart will never do so to please his wife. The girl who marries a man to reform him advertises herself as a fool. On the other hand, what a man wants in a wife is a meet-not a help-eat.

Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's worful night.
Since, then, my honored first of friends,
On this poor being all depends.
Let us the important now employ,
And live as those who never the.

—Robert Burns

IT is related of the French family of the Duke of Levis that they have a picture of their peligree, in which Noah is represented going isto the ark and carrying a small trank, on which is written: "Papers belonging to the Levis family." There are some men in this town whose reputation hangs on what their grandfathers did



MEDICAL.

DOCTOR

rom respon-NO FEE UNTIL CURED NERVOUS and mental diseases physical energy, ambition and hope, impaired memory, disordered signt, self distrust, bashfulness, tehes, falling hair, bones, pans, glandular flings, alcerations of congue, mouth, throat, ers, old sores, are cured for life, and blood sons thoroughly eradicated from the system.

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LOSS OF MEMORY,

COMPOUND

unbood, An. havir

HARE'S REMEDY



The Fairy of the Forest obey the dwarf's command. Stone after threw them all on the wagon, and still there ret the wagon looked to be nearly as empty seemed to be urged on by some invisible agency. He did not feel tired and no matbig and heavy the rocks seemed to wagon, however, was filled and as Arnold wildered and with a frightened stare he

any longer, and realizing that the dwarf was a wonderful being, mechanically grasped the pole of the wagon and pulled

with all his might, and, behold, the wheels

wagon stood in the cavern, load of granite and all. Then the dwarf came up to him "Young man, you have done your job rell; here is my reward!" With these well; here is my reward!" With these words the dwarf handed him a block of granite and in the next moment vanished, the cavern was closed and Arnold found himself at the entrance of the valley. For a minute or so he looked at the rock in his

walked off. The next day Arnold came into a large

forest, where he found a beautiful fairy gathering the leaves from the trees into a arge sack. What are you doing ?" the young man asked the fairy. "I am going to gather all the leaves of

this forest into this sack," she answered. "Will you help me?" Arnold thought the fairy must be crazy to the ordinary compartment cars, or "carthink that she could gather all the leaves of riages," as they are invariably called in the forest into the sack; still, out of curios- Europe. I noticed that on each of these

a short while "I will give you a good reward," she said, and Arnold at once commenced. But lo! no sooner had he touched a tree when he noticed that the leaves had already disappeared within the sack. Arnold was amozed, but the fairy told him to keep on with his work, and so he did. He walked from tree to tree, and to his utmost surprise

"Young man, you have done your job well; here is my reward!" With these words the fairy handed Arnold a bunch of leaves, then she vanished, sack, leaves and all. "Is that the way you pay me a reward," cried the young man indignantly, "by giv-ing me a handful of dried up yellow leaves; well, you can keep them for yourself Miss-

tress Fairy," and throwing the leaves away Arnold again continued his travels. The next morning he came to a large lake where he found an old white-haired man with a large bucket, standing on the bank of the water. In one hand the wizard, for that is what the old man was, held a small pitcher, and he was occupied with filling the bucket from the lake.
"What are you doing?" asked Arnold of

the old wizard.

"I sm emptying this lake into my bucket," replied he, "will you help me?" Arnold smiled incredulously when he aid: "How can you fill all the water of the lake into that small bucket?" "Very easily; here you take this pitcher and we will soon have the lake empty." Arnold took hold of the pitcher and be-gan bailing the water from the lake. To

"Young man, you have done your job



The Old Man of the Lake, cried the young man, "by giving me a pitcher of water? Well, you can keep that yourself." Then he threw the pitcher with water away and walked off. But before he had gone many steps he heard a voice call-

"Young man," the voice said, "come

Arnold turned around, and he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the wigard with the pitcher, the fairy with the bunch of leaves and the dwarf with the granite block all standing before him. "Young man," they addressed him, all three in chorus, "did you not leave your home to find us and make an easy fortune? Well," they continued before Arnold was able to reply, "you did find us, but when we gave you the fortune you threw it away."
"Do you call a rock, a bunch of leaves

and a pitcher of water a fortune?" the young man said angrily.
"Yes, we do, for behold, the rock is pure silver, the banch of leaves is pure gold and the water in the pitcher has turned into a lump of diamonds. Mind you, fortunes often have their origin from very insignifi-

Then again the three vanished, this time leaving the block of silver, the leaves of gold and the diamonds with the astonished

cant sources."

"Now I have three fortunes," cried the young man joyfully, "and I will quickly go home to tell father about my great luck." A BOAT WITH A BAD NAME. Sallors' Superstitions Make a Boston Yacht

Entirely Unsalable. Boston Courier.1 Everybody is accustomed enough to the fact that sailors are superstitious to a very high degree, and it is understood that a craft | the carriages are about the same as in Enwhich they account unlucky stands small chance of getting a crew. It is not so well appreciated that educated yachtsmen often share these superstitions to a marked degree. One expects to find them smiling at the notions of the sailors, but the fact is that has a room in the middle with compart-

after they have smiled thereat they yield obedience to the superstitious fear. A case in point is that of the yacht Sun-beam, a boat which is well enough known to those who have cruised on the North shore. A lew years ago the Sunbeam rolled over on the ways and killed a man, and thereby the boat so thoroughly spoiled her reputation that now there are comparatively few who care to sail in her, and although she has been offered for sale at a price far below what she would readily bring, were it not for her unluckly reputation, she cannot be sold. Perhaps one should allow something for the dislike a man might have to feel that there was any unpleasant association connected with a thing so dedicated to pleasure as is a vacht, but, as a matter of fact, it is to be doubted if this would weigh very heavily

secret terror of a superstition is added. Surprise. I dreamed not that in all the world, Or yet in all the skies, My love still held for me unfurled

against a reduced price were it not that the

Such banners of surprise. A gleam of blue across the gloom Of all the darkest hours Death ever robbed of love and home— Then blue and gold in showers.

height?
What led thee to the sea?
Thou angel of elernal light,
Thou star of destiny. What gave the hours their hallowed peace? What shone upon the sea? What taught the raging storm to cease? Wast love 'twint thee and me? "My words are spirit," saith the Lord;
And ever on the wave
Of silence, as by burning word,
I come and seek and save.

—W. H. Thorne, in Philadelphia Times.

What brought thee from the mountain's

RIDING ON THE RAIL.

Oliver Optic Talks About His Travels

PARLOR CARS IN ENGLAND. Some Comforts and Discomforts of Euro-

THE CRACK TRAIN OF THE CONTINENT

On the Midland Railway from Edinburgh or Glasgow, or from Liverpool, to London, certain express trains are run with Pullman cars attached to them, including parlor cars charge is 5 shillings, or \$1 25. On both cars there are porters who are called "attendants," and those I have met were gentle-

manly and intelligent men.

I have made three trips between London quate idea of this "train de luxe" relating my own experience for a day on the Orient Express, for it is the "crack train of

vided with every convenience found in a hotel or private dwelling, the want of which

I have been from Liverpool to London,

class. I never rode in a second-class car in England or France till about a year ago. Then I found the second quite as comfortable as the first. The former have been greatly improved in late years. Compartments of all

same carriage.

In winter there is no means of heating

The Midland Railway has made the innovation of abolishing the second class, and | Americans, but especially so to those interthe third class on this road is quite equal to ested in military affairs. Many of the rethe second on other lines. Last summer, when I went to St. Pancras station to take the train for Liverpool, I asked the porter who took my baggage from the cab about the third class compartments. He invited me to look at one before I bought my ticket. It was carpeted, provided with cushioned seats, and leading from it was a washroom

but it was quite as comfortable as any first class by which I had traveled.

much superior, for they are very often the same as our ordinary coaches. In Russia there is a first-class car, which ments at each end, opening from an aisle at the side of the car. This arrangement afis sold for about \$2 more than the fare of

sleep this fellow would have defeated my best intentions in that respect.

resses and Society's Fads.

COMPLIMENTS FROM A BRITON. Witchery of a Low Voice, Gentle Touch and Expressive Eyes.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

ILLY girls! I mean you who go daft over pretty actors. Do you know that a

But I did. I wasn't mistaken either. Who

your posing.

he wants to without going out of town to do it. Kelcey can't. Mason can march up to his matinee with his head in a yachting cap, his shoulders bent, his hands in his pockets and a flannel shirt on. Think of Kelcey doing it. Kelcey is irreproachable; or, if he isn't, nobody knows anything about it.

as nandsome as he can be. I don't care how he dresses or what he does."

Kelcey is supposed to toss his mash letters unopened into a bushel basket which a term unopened into a bushel basket which a \$50. A yellow bird of almost the same applicable of Mason has been known to send a kindly

interview, saying that he felt sure she did was taking, and that she would, on second thought, thank him for refusing. They do say the girl died, but it was just nice of Mason, wasn't it? And one can forgive him for marrying a giddy burlesquer. After all, an existence like Kelcey's public one must be a strain on him. Whisper! After that Boston drugstore revelation I do believe

Considerable amusement was caused the other evening when I was at Vercelli's Boston restaurant. Two very nice girls, who, following the popular stage craze, are "doing extras" at the Boston Museum, dropped into the place for dinner. No sooner were they seated and their order for table d'hote meal taken, than the waiter, as usual at

there to eat it, and the rest of us were on a ton was a visible effort to turn economy into wealth. We in New York know Marie Jansen as a comic opera singer. I saw her picture outside of a Tremont street dime Arabella Montgomery." Further on a litho-graph of the long familiar portrait of Down-

sell passes for Nora Dillwiddy, the violin gymnast. O, New Yorkers don't always know what they are in other cities.

charming Jane Hading used. A few strokes healthy, wholesome, taffy-haired matron is ready for the glare of the footlights, and the fire of lens and lorgnette. The fancy took at once, and on the street, under dotted ringe, cafe and concert hall, the painted ears of lovely womankind outnumber the tinted have had a quiet, confidential chat with a real London swell. I led him into comparing the merely average girl of New York society with the average maiden of bash:ul 16 in English social circles. The former ex-hibited liberty of action and thought within foreign capitals. The American girl had no fears of Mrs. Grundy, but drew a dagger line between over confidence and prudery. His London maiden walked with an invisiupon her sleeve for jealous daws to pick at.
The thoughts of an English girl were to be
detected only through a species of doubtful,
misty manner. She was deficient generally
in repartee, and was fond of

The average American reader among women criticised her author while she read; but the average English skimmer of Mudie's books seemed to read rather for the excite-ment of the moment or the exhibitantion of

BY A CLERGYMAN. I WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 A very interesting broadside was printed, not long ago, by a cotemporary, of answers made by famous women to the question what they would and would not do if they were men. The strange part of it is that there should

be so many more women who are anxious to be men than there are men willing to be women. 'Tis a fact-though, fortunately, physiology bars the realization of the wish. An Eveless Eden! what that would be we partly know from the sacred record, and can partly surmise without the aid of much imagination. From the male standpoint, woman is a conundrum-which no man is willing to give up!

If we turn to the broadside above refound it out while visiting in Boston a part of this week. How often had I seen erbert Kelcey lounge to have big eyes, but sensitive lids are more important to secure the only real beauty of the eyes—expressiveness. Another thing:

It is not so much the setual size of the eyes. glorious dark-eyed, Herbert Kelcey lounge It is not so much the actual size of the eye themes revolves their whole complaint. On as it is the clearness of the white which the one hand they arge that, while the arena should tell you that I encountered him in a corner drugstore in Boston, quite unnoticed and unadmired. You wouldn't believe it?

and unadmired. You wouldn't believe it?

while clearness of the white which are an in the clearness of the white which are one hand they are the one hand the

A Dublous Compliment. A strange illustration of morals and manner is given by a village in the Canton of Lucerne, the beautiful, in Switzerland. Therein is found a society of old maids numbering 30 members, whose ages average— but let us not inquire too curiously here. Well, this society of profescuriously here. Well, this society of professional old maids is under the patronage of the St. Catherine Matrimonial Agency—a strange patron for celibates! Anyhow, these sisters perform acts of charity and are held in high esteem among their neighbors—the best test of goodness. Not long ago the Town Council, composed of course of men (as the sequel alone would show), presented them with a banner, upon which this inscription is embiazoned: "Women are an evil! but they are sometimes a blessing! They remind us of the onions that make us weep, but that we love all the same."

Successful Evangelizing. The American Board of Commission Foreign Missions, with its 80 years of success ful work, is the American patriarch in such lines; and, like Moses, its "eye is not dimmed nor its natural force abated." The annua meeting just held in New York, for the first meeting just held in New York, for the first time in 57 years, was largely attended and un usually inspiring. The labors of the board reach out to every continent and to the islands of the sea, and are prosecuted through 2,267 mission stations and by 2,891 workers in the field.

The general summary shows 358 churches and 33,089 members, of whom 4,529 were added during the year. There are 14 theological seminaries and over 1,000 other schools, with over 40,000 pupils. The receipts to sustain this

naries and over 1,000 other schools, with over 40,000 pupils. The receipts to sustain this glorious work were, from the churches, 5205,053; from legacies, \$153,653, and from interest and the Otis and Swett funds, \$135,413, a total of \$985,110 and the expenditures were within less than \$1,000 of this amount. The rifts of the churches and in legacies show a slight increase, and are equal to the best year in its history, but only the Otis and Swett funds saved the board from an embarrassing debt. The reports from the fields were all encouraging. They awakened enthusiasm, and the recent meeting will give a fresh impetus to the work. work.

In this connection we add: There are now 30,000 Protestant church members in China, and about as many in Japan, which has been open to missionary efforts only 30 years, and in the last three years the number of converts in Japan has been doubled. New missions have been started in various parts of Africa and in the lalands of the sea. The six Protestant colleges in the Turkish Empure are doing a great work in educating the leading youth of the country. A majority of the population of the globe is now under the control of Christian governments.

Not Altogether Wrong. A compositor at a printing office was setting in type this verte of Scripture: "And Daniel had an excellest spirit in him." But he made it read: "And Daniel had an excellent spine in him." Mr. Spurgeon said that it was not much

Short Sermons for Sunday. As John Fox was going through the street is As John Fox was going through the street in London, a woman of his acquaintance mgi him, and as they discoursed together she pulled out a Bible, telling him that she was going to hear a sermon. Whereupon he said to her. "If you will be advised by me, go home again." But said she, "When shall I go then?" to which he answered, "When you tell nobody of it."

East Anglia, of whom it is said he had a picture of God on one side of his shield and of the devil on the other side, with the learned be-neath: "Ready for either." PHILOSOPHIC speculation has gone through beaven, and told us there is no gold there; and through hell, and told us there is no fire there; and through Christ, and told us there is no God there; and through the grave, and told us there is no resurrection; and has left hanging over the future one great, thick London fog.—Tal-

DR. LUDLOW, my professor in the Theolog DR. LUDLOW, my professor in the Theological Seminary, taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. While putting a variety of questions to him that were perplexing, he turned on me somewhat in sternness, but more in love, and said: "Mr. Talmage, you will have to let God know some things that you don't".—10.

To me without friends is to find the world a wilderness.—Lord Bucon. REVENGE is only the pleasure of a little,

OVERCONE svil with good.—Jenus.

OVER against \$2,000 ministers, \$86,000 Sunday
school feachers and more than 18,000,000 communicants in this country, there is to-day but
one popular infidel lecturer.—Af. C. P. THE voice of nature loudly gries—And many a message from the skies—That something in us never dies;
That on this frail, uncertain state,

ceipt of price.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE MANY now-a-days are like Redwald, King of

aled. Ladies, ask your druggist for Open iten Boot Compound and take no substitute